

BATT upon BATT.

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P O E M,

By a Person of QUALITY.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

R. Kempster (Ed.)



L O N D O N:

Printed for M. COOPER, at the *Globe*,
in *Pater-noster Row*.

[Price Six Pence.]

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in Pall-mall.

Price 1s.

THE
EDITOR
TO THE
READER.

THE following is an antique Poem, the last Edition I have met with was published in the Year 1711, and appears to be the fixth of that Publication, and is said to be wrote by a Person of Quality, which I think is not much Matter. It is plainly the Performance of a joyous Mind at Ease, that rather consider'd Justness of Thought, than Delicacy of Stile, or Beauty of Diction. The Author seems to have been a Genius above the imitating of others, and has wisely accommodated the Stile to the Subject, which is a Hint not to be disregarded by modern Writers, who, some few excepted, are very fond of being in the Clouds. The Meta-

phors are not bold enough to make them unintelligible, and the Similies are plain, apt, and natural; as to the Conduct of the Poem, it is not very material; it seems, the first Part at least, to have been wrote *extempore*, and such Circumstances gathered together as occur'd on a sudden, which, though they at first seem not very poetically ordered, complete upon the whole, not only a finished Portrait of *Bartholomew Kempster*, but of most of his Brethren, Parish Clerks in *England*, who are generally Mechanicks, but always a Sort of Poets. But this is not to be wondered at, where the Language is so apt to jingle, and the People universally Rhymers, out of whom nevertheless but rarely starts a Poet. The Impetus of *Apollo* seems indeed wearing off apace, by that honest Whig Act made to discourage the writing of Plays, the only gainful Part of a Poet's Trade; and by *Players* being at the Head of the Theatres, who are too vain of their own Nonsense, to admit that of other People's: However, to keep the Spirit of
the

the Muses up as long as possible, under such, almost insurmountable, Difficulties, I have ventured to shew the Light once more this true Piece of genuine Wit, which I fancy cost the Author as little Pains in the writing, as I have had in the transcribing; and I have presumed here and there, to command the Attention of careless Readers and young Writers, by pointing out to them in *Italicks*, this or that Particular worthy Regard and Imitation; not that there are many Lines but what merit some, though perhaps not all a similar Respect.

Some old Poetesses who are gay enough to own, that by a Tradition of fifty Years back, they have been told that this Performance owes its Origin to honest BATT's having wrote a Satire upon a Gentleman in his Neighbourhood, who was at the same Time his Namesake; and by this we come to a Knowledge of the Reason of the Title, I mean as to the first Canto. And as to the second, it may be guess'd at by Circumstances, and something said to the Purpose in the old Preface; for together it
seems

seems as if BATT, finding this Author the best Poet of the two, he applied to him for an Elogium on the Virtues of his deceased Helpmate, and then made that drole and mournful Appearance so pathetically described; wherein is artfully interwoven an ingenious Account of the antient and present State of *Southampton*, where the Wit of the People, and the Trade of the Town, are deduced down, as naturally attending each other through a long Course of amicable Decay. This induces me to think, that the Author, in the Brilliancy of his Fancy, did not forget the Necessity of a Moral in the Formation of a Poem, which may not, perhaps, be an ill Hint to my Friend *Garrick*, who, I suppose, keeps his Morals and Plots in Embrio, to be thrown in when his personating Excellence shall be on the Point of leaving him, and the Publick no longer in a Humour to be treated with whipt Syllabub. Our Author's Moral seems to be, that Trade, Plenty, and Wit, flourish and decay together. From which experimental Remark I shall only
beg

beg leave to conclude, that we need not a better Sign of the present Situation of the Affairs of this Metropolis, which, while it makes a faint Shew of rising at the wrong End, seems at the other to be very swiftly following the Fate of *Southampton*.

*Eheu, quanta mores funera Britannæ
Genti! —*

Bath upon Bath



B A T T

may leave to conclude, that we need not a
better sign of the present situation of the
Affairs of this Metropolis, which, while it
makes a faint show of rising at the wrong
End, tempts the other to be very truly
following the Fate of Southey.

Eden, quævis non fuit Britanniæ
Gentil —



B A T T upon B A T T.

HAD I! O had I! BATT, thy Face and
Throat,

Could I betune the Flock with such sweet Note,
Could I with equal Metre *Hopkins* fit,
Out *Sternhold*, *Sternhold*, Wisdom eke out-wit;
Then would I venture to set forth thy Praise,
And rob Church Pews to crown thy Head with Bays.

Or had I for thy Sake the *triple* Sconce
Of *Cerberus*, to bark *three* Ways at once,
Clerk, Poet, Cutler, Baw, Waw, Waw besides
That Cardinal Virtue, for on Mules it rides,

B

Patience,

Patience I mean, in which thou dost excell,
 As all thy Neighbours and thy Wife can tell;
Three Trumps then would I found to thy Renown,
 And from thy Fame immortalize my own.

Ingenious BATT! by Trade and Nature fit,
 To set an Edge both on our Knives and Wit.
Vulcan, they say, made mighty Arms for *Mars*,
Cuckolds are kind, but he ne'er made a Verse.
Apollo, he made Verses, but in's Life,
 I never heard that e'er he made a Knife.
 Now BATT does all that both these Gods could do;
 Hammers out Verses and hard Iron too.

He is a two fac'd Pump, whose Spouts do run
 Smith's Water one Way, t'other *Helicon*.

Have

Have you not seen the Thing our Butler uses,
 With cabbin'd belly-like, call'd double Cruises,
 The right Side Vinegar, the Left holds Oil,
 The Emblem that of Wit, and this of Toil;
*Such is the Skull of BATT, in which the Brains
 Are parted into Poetry, and Pains.*

Thrice happy Temper! for what makes our Life
 More pleasant than a good Wit, and good Knife?
 Without their Help, who can good *Christmas* keep?
 Our Teeth would chatter, and our Eyes would weep:
Hunger and Dulness would invade our Feasts,
 Did not BATT find, both Arms against such Guests.
 'Tis Mirth not Dishes, sets a Table off;
Brutes and Fanaticks eat, and never laugh.

What Man of Teeth, can then be so ingrate,
 To slice Roast Beef, and not remember BATT?
 When Brawn with powder'd Wig comes swaggering in,
 And mighty *Sergeant* ushers on the Chine,
 What ought a wise Man first to think upon?
 Have I my Tools? If not, I am undone:
 For 'tis a Law concerns both Saint and Sinner,
 That he who hath no Knife, must have no Dinner.
 So he falls on; Pig, Goose, and Capon feel,
 The Goodness of his Stomach, and BATT's Steel.
 In such fierce Frays, alas, there no Remorse is;
All Flesh is Grass, which makes Men eat like Horses:
 But when the Battle's done, off goes the Hat,
 And each Man sheathes, with God-a-mercy BATT.

So when the Mistress cannot hit the Joint,
 Which proves sometimes, you know, a difficult Point,
 Think

Think on a Cuckold, straight the Gossips cry :
 But think on BATT's good Carving Knife, say I ;
 That still nicks sure, without Offence or Scandal :
 Dull Blades may be beholden to their Handle ;
 But those BATT makes are all so sharp, they scorn
 To be so charmed by his Neighbour's Horn.
 When I the Edges of his Ware have seen,
 Seen they could not be, they were all so keen ;
 When I have found their Temper all so good,
 From the long Rapier to the Oister Spud ;
 Happy, thrice happy 'tis, I us'd to say,
 For all Mankind who wish for Length of Day,
That BATT no Cutler is unto the Fates,
His Sheers would cut our Threads off, at strange Rates.
 Snip—'tis no more ; there's Work for BATT, and die
 We must, to find him Cakes and Elegy.

O Mor-

O Mortal Man! is eating all you do
 At *Christ*-tide? or the making Sing Songs? No:
 Our BATT can dance, play at high Jinks with Dice,
 Or any Primitive, Orthodoxal Vice:
 Shooing the wil'd Mare, tumbling the young
 Wenches,
 Drinking all Night, and sleeping on the Benches,
 Shew me a Man can shuffle fair and cut,
 Yet always have three Trays in Hand at Put:
 Shew me a Man can turn up Noddy still,
 And deal himself three Fives too when he will:
 Conclude with one and thirty and a Pair,
 Never fail ten in Stock, and yet play fair:
 Yet some so dextrous are at either Game,
 And BATT's that *Wight* or else I lose my Aim.

Hark

Hark the Bell tolls at *Holy Roods*, away
 To Church, this is BATT's exercising Day.
 He's sallied out from Sign of Pole and Bason,
 With Clergy Cloak, clean Band, and *Sunday* Face on:
 Some commend Eunuchs chanting in the Quire,
 But how they should learn Prick-song I admire.
 Some praise their Skill who in white Surplice sing,
Fa, la, fa, sol, Anthems or some such Thing;
 But let them not our smutty Clerk despise,
Blackbirds still whistle better than Magpies;
 Their charming Trills and Thrombos must give place
 To the melodious Confort of BATT's Face;
 Where Eyes and Nose, Mouth, Beard and Chin agree
 In each sweet Note, a Quire themselves they be;
 And better Musick it most Times appears,
 To see his Strains, than hear the best of theirs.

Then

Then at the Godly Twang, the two last Sta-aves,
 Without which Service is but done by Halves :
 Compar'd to him, what are they? Such a Thing
 As is his *Bell-rope* to a *Fiddle-string* ;
 No more like him for Goggle, Snuff, and Groan,
Than blind BATT, is to BATT, with four Eyes on.

Search the Cathedrals, Colleges and Halls,
 All Churches, Chappels, Meeting-Houses, Stalls ;
 Summon all Men of edifying Voice,
 From Deans and Chapters, to the Singing Boys ;
 Chaplain and Vicar, Lecturer to boot :
 Nay, that our Challenge may be brave and stout,
 Take in the Apprentice by Indenture bound,
 On every Sabbath Day the seven Years round,

To spell his Master fast asleep, and then
Hems—till he wakes, and gaping cries—*Amen.*

If any, bar Mistakes, with greater Pace
Can read the Chapters, let 'em take BATT's Place.
Psalm, Verse, hard Iron, Chapter, this or that,
Earth's Womb, *Parnassus* Hill, 's best hammer'd out
by BATT.

Of every Science he's alone the Fountain,
Parson and Poet, Eunuch, Mine and Mountain.

Well then, put on thy Eyes and look about thee,
Do what we can, we can do Nought without thee :
Let's woo and woo, and gain good Will, What then?
It comes to Nothing till thou say'st *Amen.*

No Woman can be church'd, 'till BATT appear ;

A Christning is no Christning, 'less BATT's there.

Without his Aid, *Moll, Betty, Tom and Will,*
 Sweet Babes, God knows, had all been Cake-bread still.
 If any well-disposed Person's sick,
 BATT's sent to, *Collects cheaper are than Physic.*
 To say the Truth on't, BATT, no Man can be
 With Credit hang'd, without thy Faculty :
 For who without a Psalm doth take a Swing,
Dies like a Dog ; hang him, he wou'dn't sing ;
 But who turn's off in *Time*, 's a proper Man,
 And BATT, thy Knife may cut him down again.

Nay, were I to be buried for my Life,
 And all the learned Parish Clerks at Strife,
 Who should the Shovel shake ? BATT should be he,
 Or else be buried who would for me.

He

He can go through the Work, and close my Grave,
Not with Dust only, but an Epitaph.

Then, in a Word, he is the noblest *Blade*
That ever grac'd the Wheel and Whetstone Trade,
The Organ of our Church, the greatest Layman,
That ever solemnly squeez'd out *A—men*.
He is the Wit, the Mirth, Religion,
The very Life and Death of the whole Town.
He is—Hold Muse! *BATT's BATT*, and so will be;
Should I say more 't would be *Battology*.

C A N T O II.

HOLD, hold my Head! O *Jove*, thou know'st
my Pain,

When *Vulcan* was Man-Midwife to thy Brain,

As BATT, the better Workman, is to mine :

BATT, thou that mak'st all the whole Parish shine,

Come tune my Fancy, as thou dost the Psalms,

And with thy Bellows raise poetick Flames.

Bright *Sol* with Perriwig of curled Carrot,

And a Face lacquer'd o'er like to his Chariot,

The chearful Author of all Wit and Light,

But what the Bellman stalks with in the Night,

Had drove the Stage Coach to the Place of Rest,

Drest all his Horses and himself undrest,

With Night's black Stocking had becapt his Head,

And softly stole to Madam *Thetis'* Bed :

Where what he did, I think I need not name ;

We Mortals by his Influence, do the same.

'Twas

'Twas then, just then, soft Slumber seiz'd mine Eye,
 I wink'd, and winking Men most Visions spie;
 When to my Fancy, what can't Fancy do?
 Appeared a Satyr*, sad and full of Woe:
 Bald was his Crown, bristly was his Beard;
 I saw no Horns, but he was over-ear'd.
 Grief had so sunk his Eyes, that through each Hole,
 Methought I could look quite through to his Poll.
 In his dark Lanthorn Face, Nose stood for Handle,
 And a white Tooth supply'd the Inch of Candle.
 A Cloak upon one Shoulder hung as thin,
 But not so black, as was the Wearer's Skin:
 To which compar'd, Charcoal and Jet seem'd wan,
 It would make deep Mourning for an *African*.
 A Piece of dirty stretching Leather fac'd
 His Breast; an Apron, or his Conscience was't?

* BATT's Person described.

He drivell'd Ink, from Nostrils Tar distill'd,
 Piss'd Coffee, and with Piss his Hose full fill'd.
 No Fumes from footy Hypochondria sent,
 Could a more dismal Vision represent.

At first Approach in Fear and Sweat I laid,
 And softly *Fee, fau, fumm*, thrice over said.
 Enchanted so, Devil, What art? I cry'd;
 Your very humble Servant, he reply'd.
 I am the God of Wit in Masquerade,
 The grand Improver of the rhyming Trade;
 Mechanic Fancy, a true *Greshamite*,
 One that can sing, file, hammer, and indite:
 Or if you would in modern Language know it,
 I am a Philo, Pyro, Technic Poet.

Surcease

Surcease to wonder, reeking Mortal, that here
I thus appear in Elegiac Tatter.

Grief, Grief it is brings me to thee to wait,

Both as chief Mourner for BATT's dearest Mate,

And to complain of this ungrateful Town,

Which lets a Matron of so good Renown,

An Alderwoman of the sacred Hill,

Die without Tribute from each Goose's Quill:

One at whose Grave all Muses ought to meet,

Like Swans, with Paper Breasts, and Inky Feet;

And with sweet Ballad crown her godly Life,

The common Right of every Poet's Wife.

Hampton, O Hampton! in the Days of Yore,

The lawful Pride of all the Southern Shore,

With

With all Advantages of Nature grac'd,
 Betwixt the Arms of fair *Antona* plac'd,
 Guarded by Forests both on Land and Sea,
 From Storms, and Man the ruder Enemy.
 By *Neptune* and his *Argonauts* care's'd,
 And his rough Sons in black Tarpawlin dress'd;
 Admir'd for Beauty, but for Riches more,
For nothing can be handsome that is Poor.

Fertile in Men of Valour and loud Fame,
 In Knights and Giants as thy Gates proclaim,
 And gentle Poets, without whom those Wights,
 Had got but little Honour by their Fights.
 Upon whose Banks fam'd * *Sternhold* did compose,
 Those two last Staves which *BATT* so oft doth nose,

BATT

* *Sternhold*, a Native of *Southampton*.

BATT to thy Altars too sweet Metre brings,
And makes as learned Anthems as he sings.

Here once each Tradesman could both work and
write,

As Coblers whistle at it, they'd indite.

Invention was so pregnant, that oftimes

Men would talk Poetry, that could not Rhimes.

Poems were pasted up in every Hall,

As thick and thin as Cobwebs on the Wall.

Here you might view *Haman* in all his Pride,

Us'd like a Rogue, hang'd, and then dittyfy'd :

Or the two Elders, Poets in their Time,

Tempting *Susanna* in *Battoic* Rhime ;

Each Kitchen, Parlour, Chamber, were all drest here,

With *Sampson*, *Joseph*, *Daniel*, or Queen *Hester* ;

No Room was thought well furnished for Converse,
 'Till hung with Buckram Paint, and Buckram Verse.

Bless'd Town! where did the Gods e'er grant before,
 That Men might all be Poets and not poor?

A Happiness ne'er in *Parnassus* known,
 Nor could thou *Hampton* call it long thy own.

For Age, who like a Bloodhound, Glory traces,

And destroys Towns as well as handsome Faces;

Imp'd with swift Wings, thy Beauty's fled away,

The very Ruins of thy Pride decay.

Thy Gates are moulder'd, the Portcullis shew'th,

Like rotten Teeth in an old Woman's Mouth;

Walls, Forts, and Towers into their Trenches slide;

The Castle looks like a Nose *Frenchify'd*:

As

As tho' in vain the *Monseurs* * heretofore,
Had made thee shift thy Lodging for a Cure.

Whither are all thy winged Lovers flown,
The mighty *Carrick* and the great *Gallion*,
With all that num'rous Train which us'd to resort,
In marine Coaches to thy crouded Port?
They cease their Courtship now, and only own,
Thou hast been once a rich and handsome Town:
But Time has put a Period to those Days;
Farewell—*when Miss grows old, the Gallant strays.*

Nor art thou Bankrupt only grown in Trade,
But oh, thy very Wits too are decay'd.

* *Southampton* twice burnt by the *French*.

Whither are now thy Race of Chimers gone,
 Thy Quibble Squires, and Knights of *Helicon*?
 All the Wit Jobbers are quite broke, they say,
 There's scarce one left that can at Crambo play:
Nothing of Wit or Poetry remains,
But thread-bare Coats, no Money, and crack'd Brains.
 Oh Heavens, how strange these Alterations are?
 Shall we want Ballads in a Country Fair?
 The merry Fidlers long since left the Town,
 And now of late the Gallows is broke down,
 Which by the ancient Charter still did use,
 To furnish Matter for the Tragic Muse.
 No Wonder then if Poetry decay,
 When such Encouragements are ta'en away.

There

There was a Time when not a Dog could die,
 Within these Walls without an Elegy;
 A Dog of Note I mean, not every Dog,
 Bred up to tug the nasty Tail of Hog;
 But such as *Quand*, who liv'd in genteel Fashion,
 And dy'd, as Genteels do, of Recreation.
 But at *Megg's* Grave they now all Silence keep,
 As tho' they fear'd to wake her from her Sleep;
 Not all the Market will afford a Verse,
 To pin upon a Sister Poet's Herse;
Poet by Marriage, so she claims the Honour,
As Madam her's, by a Knight's lying on her;
 Nay *BATT* himself stands mute, as dull and dead,
 As *Friar Bacon's* thrice neglected Head;
That Son of Fancy, got in Raptures, he
Whose Life, and Living is all Poetry,

Who

Who suck'd Profodia from his Mother's Teat :

'Till like a Caterpillar he was all Feet :

A walking Ode, a Hymn of Ekes and Ayes,

Whose Pulse is but the scanning of his Days ;

He who ne'er speaks or thinks, but in true Time,

Farts Epigrams, and snores them too in Rhime ;

Stands dis-inspir'd, and, as some suppose,

Intends to take his Leave of her in Prose.

A tame wild Beast of late, knowing he must,

When he grew fat, be damn'd to Pasty Crust,

Chose a more noble Fate, and licking in

Poison, prevented the Cook's Rolling Pin ;

Heroic Act ! which noble BATT did scorn,

Hoping to be rewarded with a Horn,

Should

Should unbewail'd in Rhime heroic go:

And could not his own Dear oblige him so?

Must *Megg*, the Wife of BATT, aged eighty,

Deceas'd *November* thirteenth, seventy three,

Be cast like common Dust into the Pit,

Without one Line of monumental Wit?

One Death's Head Distich, or Mortality-Staff,

With Sense enough for Church-yard Epitaph?

No Stirrup-Verse at Grave before she go?

BATT does not use to part at Taverns so.

Grief here prevailing, struck the Satyr dumb,

Who twisting hard his dropping Nose with Thumb,

Like one that turns the Conduit Cock about,

To let the Water gush more freely out.

Methought

Methought I wept too then, and sighing said,
 Courage, kind Goblin, tho' the Times are bad,
 And Wit as scarce as Money ; yet, no doubt,
 Fame will provoke some worthy Poet out,
 Who from her Story will renown his Pen ;
 He kindly bow'd, and smiling said, *A—men* :
 At which I woke, as Men at Sermons use,
 And heard BATT knocking at the Door for Dues.

F I N I S.



